



Resting Places Graveyards Have Always Fascinated The Living

By David Iama

If a dividing line were to be drawn between the hominids who hunched, ambled and crept through the early stone ages and those who became humans, it probably would start with the act of burial.

At least 30,000 years ago in the Paleolithic era when Homo Sapiens and Homo Neanderthalensis were born, procreated (sometimes with each other) and died, mankind began to distinguish itself from its other close relatives, the great apes, by burying its dead.

Not only did early societies place the departed in grounds designated as their resting places, but steps were also taken to prepare them for an after-life. (Burying a beloved item with the departed is a hard habit to kick. About 15 years ago in accordance with a stipulation in his will, a socially prominent Philadelphian was buried with his copy of *The Social Register*).

According to a 1999 article in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, the remains from an Upper Paleolithic human burial were discovered at the Abrigo do Lago Velho,



This statue of a Civil War soldier presides over a part of the Fort Norris cemetery reserved for U.S. veterans.

Portugal. The remains consisted of a largely complete skeleton of a four year-old child.

The child's date of death was put at about 24,500 B.C. Bones from the skull presented a mosaic of European early modern human and Neanderthal features. (Comparisons of DNA from Neanderthal bones and current humans suggest a degree of interbreeding between the two species).

Buried with the child was a pierced shell (a plaything?) and signs of red

Continued on Page 8

INSIDE

From The Director	Page 2
Material Culture	Page 3
Stories, Memories, Legends	Page 4
Artist In Profile	Page 5

Music, Dance, Performance	Page 6
Community/Family Traditions	Page 8
Lexicon	Page 15

From The Director

Folk Culture And The Challenges Of Globalization

By Iveta Pirgova

Folk Culture and the Challenges of Globalization was a major theme of the International Symposium organized by the International Organization of Folk Arts (IOF) Kingdom of Bahrain National Section in November of 2012.

IOF World is in Formal Consultative Relations with UNESCO and the vocabulary of the 2003 Convention for the Safeguarding of the Intangible Cultural Heritage (ICH) was reflected in most of the papers presented at the symposium.

The concern for cultural preservation in the modern globalized world is clearly expressed in the text of the 2003 Convention and a deep understanding of what folk culture is as a form of Intangible Cultural Heritage could be found in several of the Convention's articles.

In Article 2 (Definitions) it is stated that *"The intangible cultural heritage" means the practices, representations, expressions, knowledge, skills – as well as the instruments, objects, artifacts and cultural spaces associated therewith – that communities, groups and, in some cases, individuals recognize as part of their cultural heritage. This intangible cultural heritage, transmitted from generation to generation, is constantly recreated by communities and groups in response to their environment, their interaction*

Continued on Page 10

South Jersey Traditions

Year 6, Volume 2

Published twice a year
by the
Department of Education
and Cultural Studies
at
Wheaton Arts and Cultural Center

1501 Glasstown Rd.
Millville, NJ 08332-1566

856.825.6800, ext. 131

Download a pdf of this
publication at
wheatonarts.org

Director of Education and
Cultural Studies
Dr. Iveta Pirgova

Editorial Board
David James (Chief Editor)
Larry Erickson
Dr. Monica Hoppel
Carol Lively
Jim Alberison
Dr. Iveta Pirgova

Newsletter Design
Janet Peterson

Submit articles, letters to:
djlc@wheatonarts.org

Deadline: May 1, 2013

Headstones Now Blasted, Not Hewn

Like many dealers in headstones, Schick Memorial and Flowers is located near a graveyard. And like many it has long been a family affair.

Gus Schick, who now runs the company on Main Street near Millville's Mount Pleasant Cemetery and his forebears have been involved in its operation since the 1930s. But in the intervening years, headstones have gotten a new face. They have become smaller. Polished black granite has replaced marble. And instead of hammer and chisel *Here Rests and R.I.P.* are now engraved by sandblasting.

The results are astonishing. Headstone inscriptions are no longer scarcely intelligible (transcribed obliquely, in England, by paper rubbings against the stone, that for years were a popular collectible, particularly for the most ancient).

While originally bought in bulk as blank slabs of stone, they now feature detailed depictions, such as the lighthouse scene on one in front of Schick's office or the angler on a stone nearby casting his hook between the husband and wife commemorated in a headstone for two. These are transcribed to the stones through a variety of techniques that once involved rubberized membrane stencils but now have become computerized.

Headstones now tend to be made of granite, rather than marble, which does not weather as well because of its softness, Schick said. And they tend to be smaller, in part because of—thanks to cremation—the larger number of



Gus Schick at the family business on Main Street in Millville.

deceased occupying a plot, but also because of a trend away from the granite. (He said that Greenwood Cemetery in Millville has most headstones more than a few inches above ground.)

Schick, a former U.S. government official in Washington, returned about two years ago to run the family business, originally established about 1895. He currently sells about 150 headstones a year, with prices ranging from about \$300 to \$10,000 to \$12,000. Most go to lots in Mount Pleasant Cemetery across the street.

Actually, most, if not all, of Schick's headstones are carved elsewhere but nearby, at South Jersey Monuments, LLC in Vineland. It, too, is family run, established five generations ago in 1875, according to Jaff

Continued on Page 14

A Hard Wind And A Soft Pack

By Jim Albertson

Making it through Sandy intact and without loss of power, being inland and away from a flood plain, made me not only grateful but also got me to thinking about storms past in Atlantic City.

Close to a flood plain? Forget about "Plain." We were smack dab in between the Atlantic Ocean and what we called the Back Bay. (More like an inter-coastal thoroughfare).

I lived in the Chelsea Heights section of town near the airport. On several occasions, I remember evacuating our house for the safe confines of my aunt and uncle's house farther inland on relatively high ground. Of course, when water got too high (salt water...Don't drive the car into...) we made the five-block trip, two each per trip, in our old duck hunting boat (better known in South Jersey as a "sneakbox").

On several of those excursions, it was not uncommon to spot a sand shark or two swimming by. It was even more common to find a dead sand shark on the front porch in the morning, the result of a hunting trip in the back bay conducted by our black lab mix by name of Tummy, (or as the sand sharks called him...Tarzan of Chelsea Heights. AH-A-A-a-a. O-O-OD-AAAAA) I, for one, was not surprised to see television news shots of sand sharks swimming down the streets in harder hit portions of New Jersey during Sandy.

Back in the years of my childhood, we would head down to the beach as a

Nor'easter or a hurricane was approaching, for this was an exciting time. The angry waves beating up the beach, washing a solid sheet of sand blowing in the wind, (sorry Bob, the royalty check is in the mail) about a foot off the surface of the beach in such manner as to give us the illusion of ice skating along throwing clam shells with the wind (cool clam drone gliders) and into the wind (weapons of close distraction) "Hey, you dumb bell. They come back on you."



Inspecting the damage, perhaps on Long Beach Island, from the great hurricane of 1944.

We would also head to the meadows of the first and second creeks where we pulled up those dreaded spears known as Zombie Weeds (phragmites). Thrown with the wind, they would have taken out the 300 Spartans as easily as arrows that turned the day into night. The third creek was a sacred ground reserved for the massive burning of the neighborhood's dead Christmas trees. A spectacular ceremony on the week after New Year's Day.

Continued on Page 13

Artist In Profile

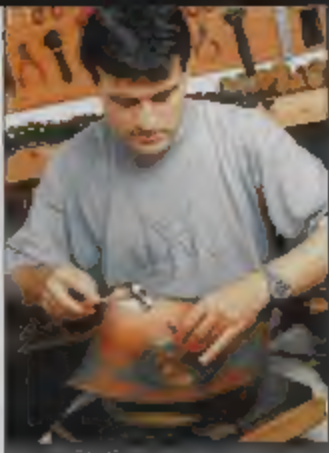
Born To Be A Silversmith

By Larry Erickson

Valentin Yotkov is a renowned silversmith from Bulgaria, bringing an ancient metal tradition to America. Now in New Jersey, he tells of his Bulgarian training and his mission to keep the art form alive in the 21st century.

Bulgaria sits at the crossroads of Europe and Asia. It was occupied by Thracian tribes, the Roman and Ottoman empires; each leaving its influence on Bulgaria. Marvelous golden artifacts are in Bulgaria; our museums are filled with treasures. With this heritage, I had to become an artist—especially a metalsmith. Born in 1958 in Sofia, Bulgaria's capital, I spent my childhood in the village of Litakovo at my grandmother's house. It was like a museum with wood beams, a fireplace and dirt floor. She had decorated trunks for her clothes, jewelry and ornate silver huckles; we drank from tinmed copper vessels. She had a lovely flower garden and when I was four years old, my kindergarten teacher assigned me to draw an apple. The teacher thought my grandmother had helped me. But I simply drew the natural beauty of country life.

At seven, I moved back with my parents in Sofia to start first grade. I was always into the arts. In fifth grade, we got a new painting instructor named Krassimir Imitov, a famous Bulgarian painter. I started cleaning brushes for him and he gave me art projects. At 15, he let me help make copies of historic paintings for museums. He became more than my paint-



Valentin Yotkov flying his art.

ing teacher, he was my spiritual teacher. He taught me to be good with people and not to get a big head.

When I was 16, I became interested in ceramics and attended the Technical School for Ceramics and Glass. I threw and sculpted clay and learned to blow glass and engrave on it. After graduating, I had two years in the army where I worked at a foundry in Sofia, making bronze statues of national heroes from the Bulgarian National Revolution.

After the army, I visited an open-air museum in the village of Etara similar to Colonial Williamsburg in Virginia. I saw a metalsmith making copper tripods; I realized that was really what I wanted to do. Instead I enrolled in a school to become an art teacher. While there I got the chance to help an artist working on a large metal relief for

Continued on Page 11

Lamentation: A Healing Show Of Grief

By Vera Nakonechny and David Ianna

Mourning the departed is as ancient as burying them, probably older.

Grief at the loss of a loved one can be staid or it can go to extremes, from those Christian denominations that call it, perhaps euphemistically, a "celebration of the life" of the departed to the Indian practice of *suttee*, the self-immolation of a widow on her husband's funeral pyre. But among some cultures, including several in central Europe, mourning is channeled into a cathartic middle road, the lamentation.

As Roslyn Steer wrote last year in an essay titled, "The Freedom of Ritual: Exploring the Role of Improvisation in Lament," for a University College Cork seminar, mourning is a ritual in which "unusual behavior is acceptable and even encouraged" and "by which an extraordinary event is made safe." A lament, she wrote, gives public voice to intense personal emotions and may contain elements of poetry, song and ritual stylized wailing.

The question remains, however, is lamentation genuinely spontaneous or is it subtly rehearsed? Are those the tears of heartbreak or of the crocodile? The word "lamentation" itself comes from the romance language term for a cry of sorrow and grief. An unconscious synonym for it is "ululation," the sound for it in some societies (and derived from the old English *ule* or *owl*).

In Ukraine it was traditionally part of the process of transferring the souls of the deceased into the world of ancestors as well as protecting the living

from detrimental influence of the spirits of the dead. Those traditions reflected the thought and outlook on life that were formed through the ages and preserved features of pre-Christian beliefs.

When a person died, relatives and fellow villagers were notified. Sometimes white kerchiefs and *peremykts* were hung out on the windows of the deceased's residence. Among highlanders it was customary to light a bonfire near the deceased's hut or to blow the *trembita* (a Hutsul folk music instrument consisting of a long wooden tube without reeds).

In other cases the death was also announced with wails of lamentation in the yard of the deceased's relatives, according to a 2003 essay on "Structure and Function of Funeral Rituals and Customs in Ukraine" by Natalia Havryliuk, a fellow at the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences.

Lamentation was considered obligatory at certain ritual points after death, such as visitations by friends and relatives. The soul of the deceased was treated delicately. One should not drink water in the room since the soul of the deceased presumably could not, those wanting to sit down on a bench had to blow there to avoid crushing the soul of the dead.

The carrying-out of the coffin was marked by special magic, since it was connected with protection of the family and the farm from detrimental influence. To bar finding the way back home, the deceased was borne out feet first, predominantly through the back door knocking on the threshold with



Giotto's famed depiction of the lamentation of Christ reflects the traditional observance of the outpouring of grief as generally by women.

coffin thrice so that the departed bid farewell to the living and never re-
turned.

(On the other hand, according to Havryliuk, in the Chernihiv region, the funeral path was strewn with periwinkles, a flower widely associated with death, "so that the soul can find its way and fly back home").

As soon as the chest was brought out from the room, a new jar was broken over the place it stood on as a symbol of renewed life, while the route on which it was carried out was sprinkled with rye or barley so that nobody else died in the house.

Ukrainians strictly kept the rite of semi-official church "sealing" the grave unknown to other peoples: to a

chant, the priest marked a cross over the grave with a spade, and then threw soil crosswise over the coffin. That was also the occasion for lamentation. *Shchob zemlia hula mukham*, some would implore, according to Havryliuk. "May the soil be like down [for you]."

After the burial ceremony had been over, a meal was arranged for those present whose mandatory dish was *kolyva*, made of wheat cooked with honey. It was customary to end meal by placing on the windowsill a glass of *horilka* (vodka) and a piece of bread intended for the deceased; in popular belief, he returned home during the

Continued on Page 12

The Fascination Of Resting Places *Continued from Page 1*

ochre, presumably for its face. Since then, resting places have steadily developed – down and up, ostentatious and shy.

Predictably, the earliest dead were usually buried – underground or in subterranean caves – shortly after dying. But burial differences eventually emerged, often involving the status of the departed – and community beliefs in the hereafter. Early Chinese emperors were buried with a retinue of ceramic soldiers and servants. Egyptian rulers, to underline their continued role in the afterlife, were also embalmed.

In ancient Greece and northern Europe, heroes and warriors were cremated on elaborate funeral pyres that symbolized purification, a word derived from the Greek word for fire *pyros*. (Think of "The Iliad" and *Goetterdaemmerung*.) Ceremonial cremations also were a tradition in India where until the 20th century the wife of the deceased was expected to join her husband on the pyre in a ritual known as *suttee*.

In other cultures, however, burial of the body did not take place until the end of the natural decaying process. Beginning in ancient Persia (now identified with Iran) in the fourth and fifth centuries B.C., according to a reference in Herodotus' "Histories," and extending as far east as India, notably in Mumbai, the Zoroastrians took purification of the dead in another direction: Up.

In the belief that a dead body was unclean and could contaminate everything with which it came into contact,

the bodies of the dead were placed atop a *dakhma*, known in English as a tower of silence. There they were exposed to the sun and to birds of prey, effectively preventing, "putrefaction with all its concomitant evils," as it was put by Purviz Kelsawalla, of the University of West Sydney, Australia.

To achieve that, each tower was topped with a circular, almost flat roof, divided into three concentric rings, men in the outermost, women in the middle and children at the center. Once bleached by the elements, which could take as long as a year, the bones were collected in an osuary pit at the center of the tower, where – assisted by lime – they gradually disintegrated and the remaining material – with run-off rainwater – was filtered and eventually washed out to sea.

Bones, of course are the nearest things the dead leave behind them as immortal remains. In Roman Catholic circles the bones of saints are revered as relics. Osuaries abound in the Western world. Think of the catacombs in Rome, think of the Church of SS Peter and Paul in Philadelphia, where Cardinal Bevilacqua just joined his fellow prelates. (In Italy 60 years ago, citizens of Verona were outraged when thieves invaded the church of the saint San Zeno, where the saint was buried and amputated a finger off his skeleton to steal a gold ring on it).

Where those bones are interred is inevitably hallowed ground. That accounts for the persistence of small cemeteries far and wide, including

Continued on Page 14



This outdated image shows a columbarium or tower of silence, no longer in use. In some eastern religious bodies of the deceased were left there until reduced to bones.

Planting The Pet: Small Animal Graveyards

By David Iams

Humans are not the only species to face eternity in resting places. So are their pets, ranging from Roy Rogers' Trigger, buried in Thousand Oaks, California to Elsie the Borden Cow.

Pet cemeteries may have gotten a bad name from the 60s movie "The Loved One" based on a madcap Evelyn Waugh novel, but they abound and sometimes have cachet. Only the best



The headstone of Rex the Wonder Dog in the Clara-Glass pet cemetery in Linwood. The two-acre site was founded in 1918.

pets, say some, go to Mainline Philadelphia cemetery St. Francisvale.

But New Jersey is no slouch when it comes to planting the pet. Elsie the Borden Cow, already a star, was laid to rest in 1941 in Plainsboro, home of the Walker-Gordon Farm (which

supplied the milk to Princeton University). Elsie was mortally injured in a

Continued on Page 15

From The Director

Continued from Page 3

with nature and their history, and provides them with a sense of identity and continuity, thus promoting respect for cultural diversity and human creativity."

Based on the definition in Article 2, paragraph 1 the UNESCO's 2003 Convention for the Safeguarding of the Intangible Cultural Heritage proposes five broad 'domains', in which intangible cultural heritage is manifested: oral traditions and expressions, including language as a vehicle of the intangible cultural heritage; performing arts; social practices, rituals and festive events; knowledge and practices concerning nature and the universe; traditional craftsmanship.

These domains cover all major components of the folk culture. The definitions imply the need for cultural transmission and that is why a series of programs are established by UNESCO to ensure that the cultural process will continue its cycle and that present-day living forms of ICH will be preserved for the humanity's future. Some of the UNESCO's activities are even oriented towards identification of ICH forms in danger and measures are taken to prevent them from extinction. The principles of ICH identification and documentation, however, do not imply freezing of cultural forms and practices. They recognize cultural dynamics as long as the cultural transformations are initiated by the culture bearers themselves.

In our contemporary world folk cultures are rarely observed in small or isolated homogeneous societies. They are more often studied in the context of larger heterogeneous societies and the relationships between the various

cultures have become both a motivation for scholars to try and understand the globalization process as well as the national and global consequences of the new forms of inter-cultural relationships, and a major concern for the preservation and continuation of traditional forms of communication and human creativity. True understanding of folk culture as an Intangible Cultural Heritage also means constant association of its components with more general concepts of the cultural dynamics, cultural memory and construction/perpetuation of cultural identity. From this perspective we consider the *continuation/perpetuation* of folklore and folklife as secured by the constant reproduction of identity (individual or group's one) and locality, while the *changes* are the cultural response to changes of the ideas about identity and locality as occurred in the constant transformations of the historical, political, social, technological, ethnic and mega-cultural contexts.

Interpreted in this conceptual context many of the papers discussed during the symposium revealed one or another aspect of the theory and practice associated with the process of cultural preservation and sustainability. Some of the papers focused on various characteristics of the cultural transmission and cultural identity as preserved or transformed in the global world. Others were examined more specific topics such as: East-West dialogue on folk culture, discourse of the "other" in the folk culture, and the role of ICH in preserving ethnic identities, creativity and innovations in traditional art forms. There were discussions on the conversational qualities of traditional visual arts, the cultural hed-

Continued on Page 15



**Bulgarian bowls
made by
Valentin Yotkov.**

Bulgaria's president. With the encouragement of the artist, I got an appointment with the president of the guild of old masters (and wore a beige beret to impress him). He called my future teacher, Alexander Raiev, saying a young artist wanted to apprentice. At the age of 70, Master Raiev, a legend who later introduced me to other masters, was still a strong man with huge hands. He thought that he was retired, I was so seriously but accepted me anyway and I started working the next morning.

I wasn't paid as an apprentice but my parents supported me during that year. One day my teacher said, "Valka, you're ready." I presented six metal pieces to a panel of old masters, and they let me take the test: designing and making a wine bottle in three days. When I was done, my teacher gave me an antique hammer that his teacher had given to him. So in 1980 I joined the guild, and by 1983 I was president of the National Silversmith Guild.

A visit to Spain in 1983 tipped my position. If that was the deciding capitalist world, I wanted to live there. I went back to Bulgaria and joined the vocal opposition. In 1990 the Pyramid

Gallery in New York invited me to participate in a competition. I was well enough known then, and I pestered the minister of culture so much that he finally gave me a visa to go to America.

When I got to New York, the gallery show was over, I had arrived in the U.S. with only five dollars, so I needed a job. A foundry in Brooklyn called Art Studio Lauring got me a work permit, but a year later I started coughing. The foundry incorrectly thought I had silicosis, so I had to leave. Brooklyn had many Jewish people and silver stores, so I learned the Jewish symbols and work started coming in. By 1994 I had enough money to open the Valentin Yotkov Studio. The school gained in popularity, with three workshops each spring and fall, and classes all year long. I've trained over 1700 students, some famous and renowned in very fashionable circles. Besides Bulgaria, my work is in private collections in Germany, Russia, Switzerland, Japan, England, and Canada. The biggest collectors are here. I sell directly to customers, not through galleries. I want people to know my work as Thracian and Bulgarian. I want to keep that cultural identity.

In 1999 I moved to Morganville, NJ. I still give classes at my Brooklyn studio and conduct workshops in Italy. In 2013 I will offer a workshop in Tuscany, and give a tour of Bulgaria, where we will visit Kazim Istov, who is still active. Trips are listed at www.valentin-yotkov.com. Both he and Raiev were strict but gentle. Neither ever criticized my work; they would find something good about it and then suggest how to make it better. Like them, I never criticize my students' work. I always try to encourage them.

Lamentation

[Continued from Page 7]

following nine days. The next day 'utrochyn was carried to the grave (to wake up the deceased). This ended the funeral and began the commemoration, a reflection on popular beliefs about life and death: the soul left the body on the third day, the spirit on the ninth, and on the fortieth, the body ceased to exist.

Funeral traditions are much the same throughout Ukraine, although ritual ceremonies may differ in details. In Carpathian Lemkows, for instance, quiet tears were shed. But in sub-Carpathian where, according to Havryliuk, tears were believed to extinguish hell fires, professional weepers were sometimes hired. As Brier notes in *Evolution of Rituals*, "The improvised nature of many of these observances is significant."

The water given in improvisation can be seen in the sometimes contradictory attitude of Ukrainians to funeral lament. All those affected by the death are expected to participate, but women are the primary participants. The laments are constructed much like Yugoslavian epic poetry described by Albert Lord in *The Singer of Tales*. Sweet coplains, here, a stock of formulaic structures are drawn on to create original material with an emphasis on rhyme.

The significance of improvised lament in Ukraine is best understood when its role is considered in relation to the music provided by the *piroha* (church choir) during the funeral process. During the funeral procession, the *piroha* sing the Lord's Prayer at designated stops at crossroads. Lamentation may continue throughout the procession.

Once the burial is complete, all lamentation ceases and is no longer considered socially acceptable. Immense weeping is said to fill the grave with tears. At the wake, music is provided by the *piroha* only in the form of *psalms*. The *psalms* are part of an oral tradition which appears highly improvised, individual and sung in a recitative style interspersed with stylized weeping. But the *psalms* have their foundation in a fixed, written text, sung by a group and resembling more a strophic song than the *psalms* chanted, for example, in the Anglican tradition.



Lamentation was created by the sculptor Svyatoslav Hryshchuk from a maple that fell on his family's estate in the spring of 2001. It was dedicated to those who passed from the world on that fateful day of Sept. 11, 2001. (Courtesy: mariush.org)

Further distinguishing the two forms, the *psalms* are based on the hymns of Ephraim and Syria, while laments often feature elements of paganism, e.g., traveling to the land of the dead, birds acting as messengers between worlds. The lamenters perform in a fluid, spontaneous fashion,

[Continued on Page 3]



A house in
Harvey Cedars
after the Ash
Wednesday
nor'easter of
1962.

A Hard Wind

Continued from Page 4

Leave it to my pal Kenny to pick up an empty soft Camel cigarette pack blowing by. What a weird time to initiate a game of "Hits or Cracks." Peel off the blue tax stamp and you will find an "H" or a "C." "H" is for hits and "C" stands for cracks. If you get an "H" you get hit on the arm. If you get a "C" you get a backhand crack in the chops. If it's blank, nothing hap-

pens. (And you thought your kid's electronic games were violent...HAH!)

All of this is to have a little fun remembering days gone by and by no means is it to belittle the savage destruction of Sandy and those who lost so much. So chip in from your wallet, go to the fundraising events and thank your lucky stars that you made it. So too did my old gang years ago.

And by the way media reps...**THE ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK WAS NOT DESTROYED.**

Lamentation

Continued from Page 12

as one who is not at peace with the death of the loved one, often calling the deceased back to the world of the living and bemoaning how difficult their life will be without them. The more stable *psalm's* by contrast speak of the inexorability of death. Although not performed at the same time, the lament and the *psalm's* create a dialog that is vital to the funeral's cathartic process.

What is common is to lament the deceased over again on the ninth and

the 40th day, when traditionally candies and biscuits are spread in the neighborhood, perhaps, to sweeten the memories of the departed. What also prevails is a public marking of the Remembrance Day. Each settlement of Ukraine chooses a special day for the ceremony. Relatives from all over the world are to come together next to the graves of their dead, to commemorate them, to let them rest in peace, and lull their souls with love and care. It's usually followed by a huge dinner. The first toast is traditionally dedicated to life and the living.

Headstones

Continued from Page 3

Cullis, one of three family members now running the company on Delsea Drive. There it makes about 400 to 500 stones a year, in such elaborate shapes as an angel holding a heart with three figures enclosed.

Cullis also said that polished black granite stones have become best sellers. "Ever since the Vietnam memorial in Washington," he explained.



Jeff Cullis of South Jersey Monuments with sandblasting equipment.

Resting Places

Continued from Page 3

several along or near South Jersey's Delsea Drive in Maurice River Township. Among them are the West Creek Baptist Cemetery with fewer than 100 headstones scattered over about an acre, an even smaller plot of five graves on a private property in Port Elizabeth, whose residents still put up flags at one of the sites, and in Dennis Township, the historic Thomas Ludlum, Jr. House near the Henry Ludlum family cemetery with about 20 graves.

Dwarfing them are two other cemeteries of historic note: the Methodist church graveyard near Fort Elizabeth Cumberland Road, and, on the other side of the Marmuskin Creek, the Maurice River Friends Quaker Burial Ground.

At the other extreme is the Port Norris cemetery which is presided over by the grandiose statue on a pedestal of a Civil War soldier, a reminder of the many regiments New Jersey fielded for the Union army. The statue actually is in a subsection of the cemetery that is reserved for the graves of *sic* veterans.

Perhaps nowhere is the sacredness of resting places better recorded than on a long-delayed stretch of Route 55 along Almonesson Creek near Daptford Mill, where there was an 8,000-year-old burial ground of the Nanticoke Leni-Lenape that the right-of-way would disturb. "Unusual things may occur if the grounds were desecrated," said medicine men for the tribe, Sachem Wayandaga, also known as Carl Pierce.

He may have been right, to judge from a recent *Philadelphia Inquirer* article recalling the time. Soon after excavation began in 1983, accidents, injuries and illnesses befell people linked to the project, mostly among construction crew members: a car accident that killed the parents of an asphalt paver, another accident to the south in Vineland that killed the owner of an excavation company involved in the project, a freak fatal steam roller mishap — all leading a project supervisor to call it an "unbelievable" amount of injury and loss on a job site.

Roads and resting places are often restless bedfellows.

Folk Drama is a term for traditional drama, often with music or dance and usually performed with less formality than mainstream theater. Folk drama often involves audience participation and/or improvisation. The Christmas mummer plays popular across Europe for many centuries are folk dramas. But so is the live "floor show" in front of the screen at many showings of "The Rocky Horror Picture Show."

From "EdStament" published by the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Planting The Pet

Continued from Page 9

car crash on her way to a celebrity appearance at the New York World's Fair. Her headstone remains, identifying her as Lohelin.

Closer to home, Rex the Wonder Dog is buried at the Clara-Glenn Cemetery in Linwood, a hard-to-find two-acre cemetery. Also, this cemetery supposedly houses remains of pets owned by, among others, Eddie Cantor, Paulette Goddard and Billie Burke. Clara-Glenn was founded in 1918 by its namesake husband and wife couple, who wanted local folks to have a place to lay their favorite pets to rest with dignity. Ownership changed in 1955.

In 1986 the two-acre cemetery was donated to the Linwood Historical Society which cares for it to this day. There haven't been any new burials since 1990, but exploring the myriad gravesites, 3,500 by one count, you'll find pets from the Ralston (Purina) family as well as a section devoted to the canine unit of the Atlantic City Police Department.

From The Director

Continued from Page 10

tage between alienation and gathering in the globalized space, the traditional symbols interpreted in modern and globalized contexts, the image of folk culture.

Other presentations focused on cinema and popular culture, the role of language for preserving/maintaining folk arts and cultural values, folk culture as reflected in the school curriculum, and traditional aesthetics in modern interpretations of traditional art forms.

Findings of the symposium were reflected in the symposium charter drafted on the end of the last working day. They will be submitted to the Secretary General of UNESCO for consideration. Some observations presented in the charter might impact significantly on our work as more programs and academic forums are planned to review the worldwide process of the 2003 Convention implementation by the UNESCO member states.

Wheaton Arts and Cultural Center's mission is to engage artists and audiences in an evolving exploration of creativity. This mission is advanced through the interpretation of collections and exhibitions, education initiatives and culturally diverse public programs; residencies and other opportunities for artists.

The Folklife program at WheatonArts has provided multicultural, multigenerational programs and educational resources since 1995, engaging and serving more than 53 ethnic and cultural groups throughout South Jersey. Our goal is to continue educating our readers about different cultures residing in South Jersey and thus learning more about our own - whoever we are, wherever we came from...

wheatonarts.org

wheatonarts.org/downjersey/aboutdjjc/newsletters

1501 Glasstown Rd., Millville, NJ 08332
856.825.6800 x131 or 132



WheatonArts is committed to making its programs, events and exhibitions accessible to all visitors. Please call us at least two weeks in advance so we can accommodate your needs.



The Department of Education and Cultural Studies is a division of Wheaton Arts and Cultural Center, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization.

Funding has been made possible in part from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts/Department of State, a Partner Agency of the National Endowment for the Arts, and from the Geraldine & J. Edgar Foundation.

WheatonArts has also received grant support from the National Commission, a division of Cultural Affairs in the Department of State and from the NJ Department of State, Division of Travel and Tourism.